

SUMMER DAYS



to keep up a proper proportion in outline, and so there is every argument in favor of the remnant this season.

The little bolero jackets recently revived in fashion add another to the many ways of utilizing short lengths of lace, silk, and embroidery. Pretty boleros for renovating an old muslin gown are made of lace lined with batiste, or of tucked white muslin trimmed with frills of narrow lace. Others are of lawn, with insertions of lace and a frill of lace on the edge. These are made very short, the wide folded belt fills in the space below, and an almost entire new waist is the result, while the amount of material required is very small. Boleros are decidedly taking the place of the wide white satin revers which were so commonly worn in the early spring.

There are all sorts of collars and epaulettes, and entire waists of lace, and every other conceivable kind of short jacket effect with frills of chiffon on the edge. One pretty bolero in a very quaint shape is made of squares of fine white lace, each one edged around with a little frill of cream-colored lace edge. Lace is gathered into the sleeves to fall over the hand and formed into bows for the neck and jabots for the front of the waist, and almost any length of ribbon can be utilized in some of the various ways which fashion has supplied.

Sashes are worn again, and are made of wide black satin ribbon, flowered ribbon, chiffon, or plain silk, with a frill of Valenciennes lace all around the edge. When muslin dresses are much worn sashes invariably appear, and these made of black or white chiffon with long frilled ends are the daintiest of all. They fasten with an antique enameled buckle at the side or in the middle of the back, as you choose, and for a flowered muslin gown they are perfect. Fichus of lace, net, chiffon, muslin and silk are another fashionable accessory of dress, and the very latest novelty in this article of dress is made of flowered silk muslin, and worn over plain white organdie or silk gowns.

A new idea in the corselet belt, which is such a special point of fashion just at present, is the use of two or more colors, and bias folds, each in a different shade of some color, make a very good effect with the dark shade at the lower edge. Black satin appears on all sorts of gowns, and black lards are chiefly made with a corselet belt draped around the waist in folds which continue into the skirt, each one being edged with narrow Valenciennes lace. Another feature of these gowns is the transparent wrinkled sleeves of lace or lawn with a short puff of foulard at the top. The Swiss belt of taffeta or satin ribbon is another fancy, and this is boned at the sides, back, and front, where it is finished off with a narrow plaiting of satin on either side of the fastening.

Black belts made of two-inch satin ribbon and brightened by a color, either green, white, mauve, or yellow, are another design in chicures for the finish to simple muslin

gowns. They are made to point a little in front and fully nine inches wide, and the ribbon seems to be wound round and round the waist, with the touch of color on the edge for the last fold.

The most popular colors of fashion are mauve, apricot, green, and yellow, and the loveliest batiste dresses are made over apricot taffeta silk. The linen is inserted with motifs of Valenciennes lace which add very much to the effect of color underneath, and a wide belt of silk and a lace bolero over the color give the latest style to the bodice. Yoke effects are still very much used, but the newest fancy in bodices is made full.

A GODDESS OF GIRLS.

Brief-skirted and slender,
She mounts for a ride,
Six gallants attend her—
Brief-skirted and slender,
She claims the surrey,
Of all at her side,
Brief-skirted and slender,
She mounts for a ride.

Oh, radiant creature!
She wheels and she whirls,
Till no one can reach her—
Oh, radiant creature,
In figure and feature
She's a goddess of girls—
Oh, radiant creature,
She wheels and she whirls.

There's no use denying
She's captured my heart;
She's set me to sighing—
There's no use denying
She did it by trying
The bicycle art.
There's no use denying
She's captured my heart.

I'll ask her to marry
Without more ado;
No longer I'll tarry—
I'll ask her to marry
And try in a hurry
A wheel built for two—
I'll ask her to marry
Without more ado.

—Sue M. Best, in the New Bohemian.

SHE SETS US AN EXAMPLE.

How the Strong and Stolid British Matron Keeps Her Freshness.
The Englishwoman is greatly to be admired for her utter refusal to worry or to be worried, and the consequence is that she looks young at 50, says a medical authority. She undertakes no more than she can comfortably carry out, and thoroughly believes in the coming of another day, not that she procrastinates, but she simply will not let the domestic machinery grind her down to ill health and early old age.

She is a frequent bather, and regards health as the prime factor of life, to be looked after



A NEAT WAIST.

before everything else, though the breakfast is an hour late. She plans nine hours, and takes a nap during the day. At that. She arranges her day's work in the most systematic manner, and her little memorandum slip always shows two or three hours left for rest. She eats heartily, but of the most digestible food.

In the most modest home, no matter how little there may be on the table, there is nothing but the best. She would rather have a morsel of good food and go on her hungry than eat a whole meal of cheaper things. She is a true economist, regulates her expenses carefully, and is a true believer in the allowance system. There are some things about the English woman which her American sister dislikes, just as it is true versus at the same time, there are others which would make our American women happier and healthier if they imitated.

MISS CYCLETTE.

Brief-skirted and slender,
She mounts for a ride,
Six gallants attend her—
Brief-skirted and slender,
She claims the surrey,
Of all at her side,
Brief-skirted and slender,
She mounts for a ride.

Oh, radiant creature!
She wheels and she whirls,
Till no one can reach her—
Oh, radiant creature,
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Without more ado;
No longer I'll tarry—
I'll ask her to marry
And try in a hurry
A wheel built for two—
I'll ask her to marry
Without more ado.

THE SURF MAID.

The maiden in the winter time
Will often tear her hair
And ever and anon exclaim:
"I know not what to wear!"

In summer time she changes view,
The girl of beauty rare,
And when she ventures near the surf,
She knows what not to wear.

—Puck.

Bridal veils of white illusion come in three and four yard squares. This is eminently apropos, as they always are a great deal of illusion about matrimony.



A FAIR GOLFER.

SEASHORE HEADWEAR.



GIRDLE AND BLOUSE EFFECT.

THE COTILLON ABROAD.

It Is Dying Out in England for Many Wise Reasons.

Cotillions seem to be dying out in London ballrooms, says an English writer. So many hostesses found the crowd that started to look on and obstructed the rooms intolerable, while the present habit of girls only dancing with the people they are introduced to makes the cotillon itself a dull affair. Abroad the cotillon enables girls to dance with any one they like and to secure small triumphs of vanity, as the most admired and most sought after, introducing thus an element of excitement into the ordinary dance. Here, however, the spirit of the cotillon is not understood, and it is rapidly falling into disrepute. For contra the large houses have

FOR THE AMATEUR NURSE.

Some Hints Which May Aid Her in Her Delicate Work.

The face is a good index of the state of one's physical being, and from it symptoms of disease can be detected almost before the patient is aware that anything serious is the matter with him. For instance, incomplete exposure of the eyelids, rendering the whites of the eyes visible during sleep, is a symptom of all acute and chronic diseases of a severe type; it is also to be observed when rest is unobtainable from pain, wherever seated. Twisting of the eyelids, associated with the oscillation of the eyeballs, or squinting, heralds the visit of convulsions. Widening of the nostrils of the nose with movements of the nostrils to and fro point to embarrassed



CURIOUS SLEEVES.

opened their doors this season, balls have been or will be given at Lansdowne House, at Lady Derby's, at the Duchess of Buccleuch's, and by various other hostesses who hitherto have stood supreme by and allowed the millionaires to usurp all the honors of hospitality.

Consistency in Clothes.

Consistency is one of the marked features of latter-day fashions. We no longer see diamonds worn with the morning or utility costume, nor a costly lace-laden parasol carried with a simple muslin gown. My lady's wardrobe to be complete must not only contain a number of parasols, shoes, ties, boots, slippers and gloves in black and colors, in glace kid, suede kid, silk, lace and chambray, but her stockings must be as properly and fashionably en suite with her varied toilets and costumes as her gloves, and as costly as her shoes can buy.

A black cat may be an omen of good luck, but you can't see it that way when it overturns a lighted lamp and you haven't a penny of insurance.



IN OUTING DRESS.



A TAUNTY HAT.

ARABIA.

Across red, sultry leagues of burning land,
An arid terror and the dread of man,
We'll crawl, through seas of blistering sand,
The straggling groups of a great caravan.

With dates and dours from the Yemen's shore,
The pitiless desert's fierce heat;
The thirsty crawl, through sand and scorch,
The suffering Bedouins dream of elaters sweet.

The road is long and no refreshing palm
Charms the infernal waste with verdant hues;
The death-sun tortures them, the awful calm
Angry hints of imminent sluicings.

Mecca, the wonder, with its bright, broad walls,
Has been the goal that they will never reach,
And never, hot and savage ray that falls
Is doomed their fated skeletons to bleach.

No more shall these poor wanderers behold
The holy Caaba, and the sacred shrine,
Where, in a maze of marble and of gold,
The Prophet slumbers in his rest divine.

Nor shall their balsams, myrrh and precious stones
Be sold through Djeddah's intricate bazaar,
And none will hear the muezzin when he drones
The throng to Mosque below Median stars.

Shrieking to heedless Allah, sore afraid,
By wails of mad dening, cruel heat o'er-
powered,
In graves of shifting sand they will be laid,
By ravenous swarms of locusts be de-
voured.

While o'er their scorched and withered bodies,
strewn
In disarray amid deserted tents,
The trouperous and callous moon
Will rise in her serene magnificence.

THE COSTLY CHINTRE.

Very Splendid Buckles of Eighteenth Century Workmanship Coveted.

Fair maids and matrons, if you care to be remembered among the well-gowned dames, you must either wear a belt or a sash. The decoration of waist-like wear is universal, and a woman without ornament of some kind about her waist these days looks as odd as a callant without a necktie. Belts at present are in predominance, but before the season is over sashes will vie with them for prominence. No costume is too elaborate for a belt. In fact there are many belts that far outshine the brilliancy of the gown. Even strings of pearls now encircle waists, and these are either looped carefully at one side or they fasten with diamond clasps. Handsome jeweled buckles fasten gold, silver and broadened satin belts. Gold ericetes, fashioned like a serpent, with eyes of rubies, are much in vogue. The cable chains in gold and silver fastened with a padlock are also among the season's novelties. Buckles that have remained in cabinets for



FOR THE MOUNTAINS.

years are now being utilized as ornaments. Among the richest are those eighteenth century workmanship. Not a few date back to Queen Mary's time, when "Buckles, like diamonds, must glitter and shine, should they cost £50, they would not be too fine."

THE AGE OF PERFECTION.

O worshippers of womanhood,
No more old childlike repeats
(Youthful hyperboles and crudelities)
Their fulsome praise is now effete;
But with a measured measure great,
Nor indifferently arrive
To prove all women young and sweet—
The perfect age is 35.

Time was you praised the maiden's sneeze,
The timid eye, the lingering repeat
In modest bashfulness that stood
Where rivulet and river meet.
Now childish grace is obsolete;
Our modern appetites would thrive
On riper grain, maturer wheat—
The perfect age is 35.

Tall Helen wandering in the wood,
And gentle Hernia, small and neat,
Young Rosalind in costume rude,
Gili Juliet in your winding sheet,
You all, alas, are incomplete;
Then pray that time may mean contrite
Your changeless youthfulness to cheat—
The perfect age is 35.

Then woman, sober and discreet,
Do not may choose you when they live,
The moment woe—for time is fleet—
The perfect age is 35.

COQUETTISH DUST CLOAKS.

"The reason why I cannot tell, but this I know I know full well" (I cannot continue to quote the old rhyme, for it would not be applicable), every fashionable woman in Paris has purchased, or ordered, within the last few days a cache poussette, and the latest called the "Mignon" as it resembles the cloak worn by Marion Lescaut when she descended from the coach, but the "Mignon" cloak now so popular is cut to fit the figure, instead of hanging from the neck in numerous plaits. At the Grand Prix was worn a cloak pronounced stunning. It was composed of a light weight covert coating, very simple, with an exceedingly wide cape and an equally large collar. It was lined with a rich tulle and was only trimmed with scallops of the cloth, apparently buttoned down each side, simplicity and splendor.

The bride who wears a real lace veil seldom looks as lovely as the one entrained in filmy clouds of tulle.